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Enterprise officials: Mayor, Daniel Boyd; Recorder, W. E. Taggart; City Attorney, T. M. Hill; Councilmen: T. R. Akins, L. Berland, R. E. Conner, W. H. Graves, J. C. Keavis; President Commercial Club, A. C. Miller.

Special Offer to Subscribers.

In order to help make known the resources of Wallowa county and the opportunities here for home-seekers and investors, the News Record makes this special offer: Any regular subscriber may have sent one or more copies of the News Record to any address outside the county, at the following rate:

Yearly subscriptions each \$1.00.
Single copies 5 cents, 6 copies same issue 25 cents, mailed from office with out extra charge.

Information Concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations.

1. Dates: (a) January 23, 24, 1908; (b) May 14, 15, 1908; (c) June 11, 12, 1908.

2. Program:
a. Thursdays—Arithmetic, Writing, History and Civil Government.
b. Fridays—Grammar, Physiology, Geography and Spelling.

3. Sources of Questions:
a. Geography—State Course of Study, Redway and Hinman's Natural School Geography.

b. Spelling—Eighty per cent. from Reed's Word Lessons, and twenty per cent. from manuscript in Language.

c. Writing—Specimens of penmanship as indicated in copied matter and from manuscript in Language.

d. Language—Bachler's Modern English Grammar, no diagramming.

e. Civil Government—United States Constitution.

f. History—List of topics from History Outline in State Course of Study and Current Events.

Notice: Teachers preparing classes for examinations will please notify county superintendent 30 days before examination according to law.

J. W. KERNS,
County Superintendent of Schools.

Profession Directory AND Business Cards

Physicians and Surgeons.

Physician Surgeon
E. T. Anderson, M. D.
Enterprise, Oregon.

Physician and Surgeon
C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.
Independent Phone.
Office up stairs in Bank Bldg.

F. G. HEWETT M D
Physician and Surgeon,
LOSTINE, OREGON.

Attorneys-at-Law.

J. A. Burleigh Daniel Boyd

Burleigh & Boyd
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asing a Specialty
ELGIN, - OREGON.

Miss Ackermann's Christmas.

By Mrs. MOSES P. HANDY.

MISS ACKERMANN opened her eyes to the sunshine with a startled feeling of having overslept herself, then closed them again at the sound of the chimes from the church around the corner, for it was Christmas day, the one day, barring Sundays, in the year which she could really and truly call her own. She was that overworked individual, a popular dressmaker, going out by the day, and she sometimes wished, with E. P. Roe's old doctor, that people would send for somebody else some times and let her rest. On the last Fourth of July she had been in the country sewing for dear life in order to finish a belated bridal trousseau, and on Thanksgiving she had worked until dark to accommodate a customer who wished to outshine her sisters-in-law at a family gathering at the house of her husband's father, but on Christmas day not even the most exacting customer could ask her services.

And yet—was she glad it was Christmas? The associations which cluster around the season make it a sorrowful one to those who have nothing left of home excepting its memories, and, saving for one brother, Miss Ackermann was alone in the world.

Really, Miss Ackermann told herself, she had no business to be low spirited; she was a very fortunate person; think how many people were starving for lack of work, and all that, she concluded vaguely as she finished her breakfast. The tea, which she made in her room, heating the water on a small gas stove, was excellent. She was finicky



SHE FOUND HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A BRONZED AND BEARDED MAN.

about tea, and she felt better after drinking it. Altogether she was in quite a cheerful mood when the little daughter of her landlord came to wish her a merry Christmas and bring an invitation from her mother to eat her Christmas dinner with them. Dinner would be at half past 2. Miss Ackermann thanked them very much and would dine with them with pleasure. Then she gave the little girl the present she had ready for her, a stylish young lady doll dressed in the latest fashion, with coat and hat complete, a gift which made its recipient radiant, and sent her off to exhibit it at once.

The sermon "God's Christmas Gifts," from the text "Wait upon the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart," made her homesick again, the desire of her heart seemed so exceedingly far off. Miss Ackermann was not one of those who forget, hard as she had tried not to remember. She found her thought straying back ten years to the seaside, to her old home and Jack. Their parents were neighbors. Her father and mother lived in the little fishing town and took boarders in the season. His father was the farmer who supplied them with vegetables and fruit. Jack drove the wagon which brought the daily supply to the cottages. They would have known each other in any case, but the morning interviews over lettuce and strawberries, melons and tomatoes brought them closer together.

Every one approved of their engagement, and the day was set, when a great misfortune happened—her mother and oldest sister were killed in a buggy which they were driving by a train at a railroad crossing. This was bad enough surely, but "troubles hunt in couples," and the blow seemed to affect her father's mind. He became almost childish, took to his bed and would have no one but her wait upon him. To complete the roll of disaster her brother suddenly brought home as his wife a girl whom none of his friends would have chosen, and the old man would not let his daughter-in-law come near him. To tell the truth, she had no desire to help Miss Ackermann in her duties. She had married for a step up and said plainly that she did not mean to slave to please anybody.

"You see how it is, Jack," Miss Ackermann said, with streaming eyes. "I cannot leave father, even for you."

"Bring him to our house with you," replied Jack. "There is plenty of room, and father and mother won't mind."

"No, Jack; thanks ever so much, but that wouldn't do any good. Father

wouldn't be satisfied. Besides he takes up so much of my time that I couldn't do my duty by you." And Jack had to submit with the best grace he could muster.

Unfortunately he consulted the doctor who attended Mr. Ackermann as to the probable duration of the old man's illness.

The doctor assured him that the trouble was chiefly hypochondria and that he might live for years in the same state or might possibly recover as suddenly as he had collapsed. At all events the patient was in no immediate danger.

The inquiry would have done no harm had it not been that the doctor had a talking wife, to whom he told everything, so before long the whole neighborhood was saying that Jack Ralston had been asking how long old man Ackermann could live. Of course the story came to Miss Ackermann's ears, to her intense indignation and still greater grief. Jack could not deny it in toto, and short of positive denial she would listen to no explanation. There was a quarrel, a broken engagement, and Jack Ralston went west, leaving his sweetheart well nigh broken hearted, with only duty to console her, and sometimes duty is the best consolation one can have.

If he had been less impatient there would have been no trouble. Dr. Bland did not understand the effect which a broken heart sometimes produces upon the body. Mr. Ackermann died before the winter was over. Jack Ralston came home as soon as he heard the news, but Miss Ackermann had gone to the city with a cousin of her mother and was obdurate. Her filial affection found satisfaction in refusing to forgive the lover who had desired her father's death. She would not even see him, and so the affair ended.

Well, it was too late now, and she was a fool to be dreaming of it. The sermon was ended, and the music of the organ raised her to the consciousness of things present and to come. She took part with the congregation in the rest of the service and then hurried home to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

There was only a quiet family gathering. The fiancé of the oldest daughter, a traveling salesman in the employ of a wholesale house, was the life of the party. He was considered a very bright young man and a good talker. He was at his best today and kept them all amused with stories of his travels, so that Miss Ackermann had only to listen with a semblance of interest.

"By the way, Miss Ackermann," he said presently, "I met an old friend of yours on this last trip. Ralston was the name—J. W. Ralston. It was in Idaho, Boise City. He is doing well in mines out there and is quite chummy with one of my best customers, who has some money in his business. The two were together at my rooms in the hotel, and he saw Min's picture on the bureau. I always carry it around to keep me out of temptation—guardian angel business, you know, Min—and he saw it. You know people say you two look alike, and the likeness comes out strong in that photo. It struck him all of a heap. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but will you tell me whose picture that is?' It looks very much like some one I knew ten years ago."

"Certainly," said I. "That is my best girl. She is thought very much like a lady who lives in the same house, Miss Ackermann, from New Jersey." Well, it turned out to be the very same. He asked lots of questions about you, especially whether you were married. I gave you a good character, and I guess you'll be hearing from him before long. Ross says he is a bachelor."

Miss Ackermann controlled herself sufficiently to smile. "Thank you, we were friends and neighbors when I was a girl," she replied, and in a moment more they were all laughing at a comical anecdote which the drummer was telling in his best style. It was no wonder he sold goods.

When the dinner was over the hostess excused herself soon upon the plea of domestic duties, leaving Miss Ackermann with the young people. So, knowing herself in the way, she lingered but a few minutes. Back in her room she gave way and took refuge in that last solace of her sex, a good cry. Her overwrought nerves demanded relief and would not be denied.

She was still huddled, a disconsolate heap, on the lounge when there came a tap at the door which she recognized as that of her little friend. She sat up and hurriedly straightened her hair, trusting that in the dim light of the fast falling twilight the child would notice nothing amiss, sharp as she was.

"Come in," she called as the knock was repeated.

"Here's a gentleman to see you," the child said, with the air of a person who confers a favor. "He says he is an old friend, so I brought him right up." Miss Ackermann remembered that, it being Christmas day, the maid would be out and that consequently the little girl would answer the door.

"Thank you," she said, "you may go." Then she found herself face to face with a bronzed and bearded man whose eyes only were familiar.

"Well, Annie," he said in a voice she knew so well, "here I am once more." She held out both hands with an eager gesture. "Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried.

A moment more and she was sobbing on his shoulder while his arms held her as though they would never let go.

An English Superstition.

The most popular superstition in many parts of England is that every remnant of Christmas decoration must be removed before Candlemas day. Should a sprig of holly or other evergreen be left in any house one of its occupants will die within the year.

What Grandpa Knows.

SOME folks say 'at Red Riding Hood She didn't live at all nor go Down where th' wolf was in 'at wood. But grampa says 'at it is so!

An' some folks say 'at Goldilocks Don't meet th' bears an' run away, A-bumpin' into trees an' rocks, But grampa's seen her many a day.

My grampa takes me on his knee An' tells me all 'bout Puss in Boots An' 'bout th' fairies you can't see For their in-vis—their funny suits. An' he knows where the beanstalk is 'At Jack th' Giant Killer climb To get 'at gold an' things o' his, 'Cause grampa's seen it many a time.

An' Cinderella, too, my pa Ist laugh an' say 'at he don't know, But grampa—w-y, my grampa saw Her slip 'at slipper on her toes!

An' Simple Simon—would you think He never was like some folks say? But grampa only laugh an' wink, 'Cause he has seen him many a day.



CAUSE GRAMPA'S SEEN IT MANY A TIME.
'At Alfied Brown, 'at lives nex' door To us, I don't like him, 'hcause He say 'at he don't think no more 'At there can be a Santa Claus, But grampa whisper in my ear 'At Santa will find me all right, 'Cause he has seen his sleigh an' deer An' pack o' playthings many a night.

My grampa knew Boy Blue an' all Th' children 'at live in th' shoe. When Humpty Dumpty had 'at fall He's standin' close as me an' you! An he say ist to don't bulieve Th' folks 'at say there ain't no chime O' reindeer bells on Christmas eve, 'Cause he has heard 'em many a time. —Chicago Tribune.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS

How the Big and Little Roosevelts Celebrated Last Year.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt had only the immediate members of their family to celebrate Christmas. Just before going to bed on Christmas eve the children hung their stockings in the president's room, and bright and early the next morning they were up to claim their prizes. Everything that was ever designed for a Christmas stocking found a place in the line that hung from the mantel, and when the boys awakened there was a merry scramble to see just what was inside. After breakfast the president, Mrs. Roosevelt and the children went to the library to exchange presents too big for the stocking.

Each member of the family had a special corner for his or her gifts, and there were any number of mysterious little parcels to be opened. This very pleasant little ceremony took the entire morning.

After this the president walked to his church, Grace Reformed, and the rest of the family went to St. John's Episcopal church.

In the afternoon the president, Mrs. Roosevelt and the children went over to the home of Captain and Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, where they always spend Christmas afternoon and where there is always a tree for the Roosevelt and Cowles children. They were joined there by Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, and a little family reunion was held.

After the visit to the Cowles' the president played tennis with his sons. At night was given the Christmas dinner in the private dining room. Among the few invited guests were Senator Lodge, Dr. Rixey and family and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. The string section of the Marine band furnished the music for the evening.

From the Yuletide Cynic.
Thank heaven, it isn't only the aristocrat who can have a family tree at Christmas.

Be Christmas white or Christmas green, It's all the same to you If Christmas finds you all serene And doesn't make you blue.

It doesn't take a magician to transform a small boy into a turkey gobbler.

When Santa Claus comes down the chimney he chases many a man up the spout.

It's the vanity of the sex that prompts the female turkey to wonder how she is going to be dressed for the Christmas dinner.

HE LOOKS HAPPY



Because he knows how glad the people will be to get those packages of Christmas Cakes from the

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Fresh Oysters, Clam Chowder, Hot Tamales, Baked Beans, all kinds of pie. The place for

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